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ATHENS;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

*Sweet fount of Castalie, and ye beside,
Immortal streams! that flow with tuneful lapse
The Muses' bowers among, why were ye lock'd
From me?*

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BY THE AUTHOR OF
The Ruins of Paestum.

✓
*Harry Peckering
(1781-1835)*

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A T H E N S;

"Cold, Athens! is the heart that looks on thee,

"Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they lov'd."

Byron's *Child Harold*.

A T H E N S .

Lo ! here, upon the sacred hill* where sleeps
The great Musæus, bard of old renown'd—
Lo ! here, amid *The City's* bounds, I stand.¹
How swells the varied landscape on the eye !
How glows the extended, verdant plain beneath !
How rural all, and pastoral, the scene !
Alas ! I dream ; 'tis mere illusion this,
Mere mockery all ! else from this giddy height
The imperfect vision palter with the sense.
Yet why this throbbing pulse, this burning brain,
This more than Pythian rage within my breast ?—
O Heaven ! 'tis now, bright Truth, thy potent sway,
And all the enchantment of the place, I feel :
The mist of error fast dissolves away,
And one broad blaze of light enwraps the world.
Mountains and hills and vales, and isles that gem
The distant main, now desolate indeed,
And sunk inglorious 'neath the oppressor's sway.

* The Musæum hill.

Yet subject once, proud Attica, to thee,
 Burst on the mournful view. Prospect sublime !
 And lovely as sublime ! though only such
 To him, who through the lengthen'd vista views
 With gaze intent, as backward he reverts
 The mental eye 'mid long revolving years,
 Thy glories, Athens, and thy various fate.
 But who, 'mong scenes resplendent in the page
 Of the Historic Muse, shall with bold hand
 Pourtray the wondrous change ; depict severe
 The mournful triumphs of unsparing Time,
 Or ravages of man more ruthless still ;
 And over all the halo warm diffuse
 Of centuries elaps'd ? And, hardier still,
 Who with Promethean skill may now awake,
 Though but for one short hour, the glorious spirits
 Of elder time, and animate, (how vain !)
 The scenes once trodden by their hallowed feet ?
 And is it thee, O Athens, I behold ?
 Thee, Athens, mistress of the land and main !
 Thee, mother of philosophy, and nurse
 Of arts divine ! How sad is thy reverse !
 Where now of towering altitude thy walls ?
 Say, where thy temples, fit abodes for gods

Themselves, and built for immortality ?
 Where now the porticoes of Parian stone,
 That lin'd thy streets interminable ? where
 The bright, ethereal forms, whose archetypes
 In heaven alone are found, or in the dreams
 Of favour'd genius seen ? And where, ah ! where,
 Thy heroes, patriots, sages, bards divine ?
 Alas ! these in their urns are shrunk, and those,
 Like visions of the night, dissolv'd in air !
 For here, assisted by immortal hands,
 Here, Athens, restless toil'd thy sturdier sons :
 To them the isles their precious stores resign'd ;
 Seas constant groan'd beneath the freighted mass,
 And echoing hills within thy wild domain
 (Witness Pentelicus, embowell'd deep,
 That still above the clouds protrudes his head)
 Resounded with the ponderous hammer's stroke !
 Yet now from all the congregated weight,
 That labouring ages had pil'd up, releas'd,
 Behold, once more to Ceres' gentler sway
 Restor'd, expands the beauteous plain below !

Yet all, lov'd Athens, is not chang'd ; thy streams,
 Thy hills, remain. Look ! where the eternal rock,
 Yclep'd Cecropia, citadel renown'd,

With front of adamant still awes the plain ;
 And bears aloft its fane majestic,* great,
 Though in decay, and sinking fast beneath
 The incumbent weight of twice a thousand years.
 Look where Hymettus lifts his ampler brow—
 Hymettus, odorous still with balmy thyme,
 And yielding still his fam'd mellifluous stores :
 See too, where, lost amid the vale, extends
 His flow'ry base, see where Ilissus glides,
 Murmuring the Muses' early haunts among,
 Though scarce a Naiad now may fill her urn
 At his lov'd source. And, as thine eager eye
 Looks westward, mark that length'ning verdant line
 Which stretches toward the port; there, underneath
 The olive shade, the peace-devoted tree
 Infix'd by goddess-hands, Cephissus winds
 His devious course, enamour'd still, as erst,
 In dark sequester'd solitudes to roam ;
 There too the groves of Academus rose—
 And there, won by a mortal's voice divine,
 Philosophy came down to charm the ears
 Of listening men, and teach the way to Heaven !
 Immortal streams ! on your lov'd banks repos'd,
 And still at dewy eve or morn, shadowy

* The Parthenon.

Are seen, with pensive looks, light moving o'er
 The plain, the forms of godlike men. There first,
 Encircled by a band illustrious, see
 Socrates! born of earth, like all below,
 But of a soul attemper'd to divine.
 Next him, in converse sweet, behold the Man
 Upon whose honied lips Persuasion hung;
 And whose deep mind, piercing the mist which here
 Dark error raises, in dull matter saw
 A soul ethereal, Heaven-deriv'd! and which
 To Heaven, anon, is destin'd to return.
 With these conjoin'd, a loftier form observe,
 Whose brows o'ershaded deep with nodding plumes,
 And breast in armour cas'd, in contrast strange
 Appears. O Xenophon! those trappings gone,
 Which well became thee on Cunaxa's field,
 Thou to lov'd Scillus' shades wast wont to hie,
 And studious there with calm philosophy,
 Delighted'st to repose. Apart from these,
 Yet by the master eyed with fond regard,
 See Alcibiades, of noble port,
 And of a spirit restless; seeking now
 In pleasure's flowery lap to waste the hours,
 And now, with contrite tears, to wash away

His guilt. Thou strange epitome of man!
 Had virtue then, e'en when in charms divine
 Array'd, no true delight for thee? But lo!
 Where near Ilissus' marge, the Stagirite
 With wrinkled front, amid the increasing throng
 That press around, his path untir'd pursues;
 His was the art to fathom nature's depths,
 Of matter to detect the various forms,
 And from its hidden agency educe
 The truth: yet truth, eluding still his search,
 He found not. With a chosen few retir'd,
 Behold in mood contemplative, not far
 Beyond, the patriot and the sage! who sought
 Not the applause of foolish man, but who
 For Heaven-born virtue was surnam'd *the Just*:
 And not remote from them, those forms august
 Whose brows with laurel wreath'd, and ardent eyes
 Uprais'd to Heaven, seem in high thought engag'd.
 To them the Tragic Muse first deign'd to impart
 Her soul-subduing spirit—they first taught
 With touch Ithuriel, to unlock the springs
 Of human action—waking now the soul
 To noblest deeds, and firing now to acts
 Of dark revenge. Yet thine, Euripides!

Thine was the dearest boast; from iron hearts
 To force the drops of pity—from the foe
 Compassion—and from the sad captive, tears
 Of gratitude and joy!² But who shall count
 The sparkling lights which glitter in the heavens?
 Who tell what names illustrious once adorn'd
 This glorious seat of wisdom and of art?

On that fam'd hill* scarce elevate the plain
 Above, where once the indignant god of war
 Before the assembled deities appear'd,
 (So Fable speaks) to answer for the death
 Of Halirrhottius, Neptune's son—thence nam'd
 The hill of Mars—in sacred conclave met
 The court of Areopagites, the gods
 Of this low world! Pavilion'd in thick darkness,
 And from obtrusive cares shut out, beneath
 The open sky the great assembly sat.
 Justice was theirs, unbending and severe—
 By wily art of orator unmov'd,
 By pow'r unaw'd; but yet by mercy sweet
 Attemper'd, and to wisdom's voice not deaf.
 Great Solon! once by Lydia's throneless king,
 Cowering beneath the Persian despot's frown,

* The hill of the Areopagus.

Pronounc'd wisest of men!³ such was the court
 August, 'stablish'd by thee.* But soon amid
 The ever varying scenes of earth, its power
 Was oft abus'd, and Justice thence expell'd,
 That crime a short-liv'd triumph might obtain.
 In after age, once summon'd to this court,
 Stood here, majestic, one, whose lofty port,
 And eye of fire, and Heav'n-inspired tongue,
 Flash'd strange conviction in th' ignoble crew,
 Whom folly gather'd to adjudge his cause.
 Methinks e'en now, towering aloft like him,
 The martial god, whose statue seem'd to quake
 And tremble at his words—methinks e'en now
 I see the holy man, emphatic term'd
 The Apostle of the Gentiles! here he stood,
 Unmov'd and undismay'd at aught his foes
 Might in their malice impotent invent;
 In flowing robe, with outstretch'd arms, and head
 Uncover'd, ardent the great advocate
 His cause defended, boldly preaching Him,
 "The unknown God," whom ignorant they ador'd.
 Raphael! what wondrous art was that of thine:
 Such as he was, to us thou hast reveal'd
 The godlike man. Before his form august,

* To speak strictly, was new modelled by him.

Philosophy, in Stoic guise severe,
 Or Cynic stern, or Epicurean soft,
 (In the thin robe of meretricious art
 All veil'd alike) confounded and abash'd,
 Thou hast depictur'd:* while, low at his feet,
 The humble neophyte, with grateful heart,
 And look that speaks conviction, eager lists
 The man divine, and breathes intenser love
 Tow'rd Him whose glorious messenger he is.

That gentle eminence† where the oaten pipe
 Of shepherd now alone is heard, whose slope
 Is turned to the setting sun, full oft
 Was press'd by the fond many! thither throng'd,
 Tumultuous, the giddy people, pleas'd
 To mix in matters of the state, and weigh
 The destinies of realms, though all too weak
 To rule the little empire of the heart.
 Ye gods! how often have they vex'd the skies
 With their obstreperous mirth—or forc'd the tear
 At sight of folly so consummate, from
 The philosophic eye—or blanch'd the cheek
 Of innocence, by violence condemn'd.
 O better far that here the golden ear

* See the Cartoon of "Paul preaching at Athens."

† The Pnyx Hill.

Should annual to the sickle bend—the grape
 Yield its rich juice luxurious—or flocks
 Graze harmless the declivous hill, than wild
 Democracy, with fell demoniac rage,
 And torrent's mighty force, should here bear sway.

High over these, in endless perspective,
 Arise the lofty summits of the hills
 Which frown o'er the Athenian vales : and far
 Beyond, though dimly seen (to fancy's eye
 Except) Parnassus, and bright Helicon,
 And Jove's own mount Olympus, to the skies
 Proudly their cloudy coronets exalt.
 Anchesmus first his conic top obtrudes,
 High towering ; then the rocky heights of dark
 Pentelicus, that witness'd the defeat
 Of Persia's host on Marathon's plain :
 Where, like a brinded lion, breathing flame,
 Resistless rushing on his prey, was seen
 Miltiades ! Victory in his van,
 And Death, and Havoc, and Destruction, swift
 Following in his rear, empurpling deep
 The thirsty soil with blood of recreant foes.
 Next these Brilessus, Parnes, stretch in chain
 Continuous their rugged lines along

The dim horizon; there the Athenian youth
 Oft met in manly fray the tusked boar,
 And triumph'd in the fight. Far to the west,
 Cithæron lifts his sacred head, and 'mid
 His secret caves, still lists the echoes wild
 Of sad Actæon's voice! or borne anon
 Upon the midnight blast, affrighted hears
 The dying shrieks that mournful then ascend
 From Leuctra's, or Plataea's bloody fields.
 And where, Ægaleos, thy darkling cliffs,
 Spurning the ruffian waves, majestic rise,
 There, bright in eastern pomp, glitt'ring in gold
 And Tyrian purple, 'mid his suppliant slaves,
 Sat the Great King! and saw, with heart appall'd,
 His coward myriads shrinking from the storm
 Rais'd by collision dire with Grecian foes—
 Themistocles himself a mighty host!—
 And ignominious seeking 'neath the wave
 A shelter from their wrath. Proud Xerxes! when
 From throne of costliest gems, aloft thou view'dst,
 Covering the Asian plains, the multitude
 Immense led on by thee to battle—thou
 Wast fain to shed 'some natural tears' at sight
 So grievous:⁴ now perchance when hurrying wild

O'er plains of Thessaly, or scaling swift,
 By wings of fear upborne, the frowning heights
 Of Macedon and Thrace (leaving thy hordes
 To gorge the vulture fierce) a bitterer tear
 For thine own fate, vain monarch, secret fell.

Southward now turn, and view the expanse of sea
 That stretches out in boundless longitude,
 From Corinth's towers, that wide o'erlook the gulphs
 Which, there parted, strive in vain to meet—
 To Scyllæum's promontory bold—and thence
 To Hydra's barren shores, by Commerce made
 To blossom as the rose. Hydra! thy name
 Not less than prouder Salamis, shall long
 The patriot muse delight: thy flag now floats
 In triumph o'er the sea, and as it waves,
 The Crescent pales. But look! where in the midst,
 Ægina rises with the sacred fane
 Of Panhellenian Jove: and, as a speck
 On Ocean's bosom, see Calauria's isle,
 At once the refuge and the grave of him*
 Who singly and alone a tyrant's threats
 Defy'd, and fulmin'd in a monarch's ear!
 But if thy vision keen extend so far,

* Demosthenes.

Now look abroad—survey the wide Ægæan!
 Amid those gems of ocean, Cyclades
 So nam'd, let thy enchanted eye awhile
 Repose ; and there, slow rising from the waves,
 See flow'ry Delos, once the soft abode
 Of bright Latona, and her heav'nly twins.
 See Naxos, with his vine-empurpled hills ;
 Where, hid in myrtle bower, the Cretan maid
 Entranced lay : but ah ! too soon awaking
 From her soft dream of love, descried afar
 The faithless Theseus bounding o'er the wave.
 There Paros, dear to art, his lofty brow
 Shadowy amid the emerald sea erects ;
 Revealing to the curious eye alone,
 His dazzling caves, whence Egypt's mighty fanes
 Of wondrous fabric, or thy temples fair
 Renowned Greece, were with a giant's strength
 Uprais'd.^s Thence too were ta'en those precious
 In which celestial forms were oft conceal'd ; [blocks,
 Till Genius, breathing on the mass inert,
 Dissolv'd the spell, and gave to radiant day
 Their forms divine. Than these still nearer, view
 The cliffs of Seriphos, where, wafted once
 From Argos' treacherous shore, the little bark

With its lov'd freight, the progeny of Jove,
 And his sad mother fair, fast anchor'd lay.
 O Perseus! wild as tale of Araby,
 Is the light web by Fiction wove, of thy
 Too marvellous life. With verdure ever bright,
 Far to the south, the beauteous Ios seems
 To float upon the wave. 'Mid laurel groves,
 And overshadowing bays, and flowers that bloom
 Perennial, loading the enamour'd gales
 With perfumes, here, as in the bowers of bliss
 To lyres immortal he attunes his own,
 Reposes mighty Homer's shade! But when
 The tempest wakes the wrathful deep, and winds
 Rude music make, majestic then anon
 To some high beetling cliff it stalks, and dreams
 That still, amid the battle's din, it hears
 The shouts of victor Greece, and mourns once more,
 Or seems to mourn, the matchless Hector slain,
 And Ilion's nodding towers! From thence, perchance
 Thy piercing view the rosy isle* may reach,
 Where Beauty, like the soft-eyed Day, when first
 From ocean's pearly caves he lifts his head,
 Resplendent rose; graceful her dewy locks

* Cythera.

With circling arms upholding, while around
 The fragrant zephyrs joyous fan their wings,
 And Love immortal, with the heavenly train
 Of Graces, rapt'rous the bright goddess hail!
 Venus! thou sovereign arbitress of heaven—
 Delight of gods and men! 'twas thus amid
 The soft retreats of Cos (where slumb'ring lay
 The lovely boy, by thine own handmaids nurs'd)
 To young Apelles thou wast oft reveal'd—
 Apelles, now immortal too like thee.

But where, lov'd Muse, amid the ideal fields
 Of song dost wander? There delighted hast
 Thou rov'd, as when among the flow'ry vales [oft,
 And blooming bowers of earth thou stray'st; where
 With an enchantress sweet, the hours soft flow
 In silence eloquent as words that burn.
 O Nature! with primeval charms adorn'd,
 Thou ever riot'st in unfading youth;
 While man, scarce heir of one poor hour, laments
 His shorten'd date, and loud 'gainst Time inveighs
 (Himself more fell!) and deprecates his power.
 Fond fool! behold where solitary stand
 Like giants 'mid a pigmy race of men,
 The lofty pillars of the Olympian Jove!

Stood these alone, expos'd from earliest time,
 Without or roof, or architrave, or frieze
 With storied sculptures wrought by hand divine ?
 Or hath the thunderbolt of Jove himself
 Destroy'd the pile sublime, and yawning earth
 Ingulph'd the cumbrous ruin ? Impious thought !
 Thou self destroyer, man ! 'twas thou alone
 Who from its solid base, with madd'ning rage,
 Not then, as once, with strength endued by Heav'n,
 Uprais'd the ponderous mass, and furious hurl'd
 Its hundred columns thundering to the ground.
 Witness ye monuments that skirt the plain,
 And ye that tott'ring yet, yet menace oft
 The adventurous traveller 'mid these classic scenes,
 Witness the blind, the fell revenge of man !
 And thou, the marvel of each wondering age,
 At once the shame and glory of the world,
 Majestic Parthenon !^a do thou attest,
 (Alas ! thou canst not long attest) the wrath
 Inveterate of him, whose plastic hand
 First drew thee from the cavern'd quarry dark,
 Ador'd the matchless work himself had rais'd, [base.
 And then (most strange perverseness !) sapp'd thy
 Forgive, immortal shade ! I do thee wrong,

O Pericles! Not to the Greek, forsooth,
 Of elder or of modern time, belongs
 The lasting shame; nor to the Turk alone:
 Venice, far more to thee! and, Elgin, much
 (Though not to England) much indeed to thee.
 Hah! whence that plaint? at mention of his name,
 Methought upon the breeze a mournful sigh
 Came floating sad, as if some secret grief
 Prey'd on a widow'd heart. Alas the cause!
 Say, Elgin, didst thou hear that wild lament
 When, with the spoiler's rage, the hallowed porch
 Thou enter'dst rude, and tore away the maid?
 O bootless plunder! O barbaric spoil!
 That precious fane,* the Goths of every age,
 The Christian and the infidel, had spar'd:
 For thee alone, to mar the beauteous work
 It was reserv'd. E'er since that fatal day,
 The fond companions of the captive fair
 Her absence have deplor'd; and every gale
 That hovers near, on sympathetic wing,
 The sadd'ning plaint to distant climes conveys.⁷
 Yet one remains, the refuge of despair
 In other times, but, ah! no refuge now

* The little temple of Pandrosus, on the Acropolis.

To helpless Greece—the temple built by him,
 The patriot hero to the patriot king.*
 Look! where in pristine majesty it stands,
 Though dimm'd its lustre, and despoil'd of all
 The boasted treasures of the chisell'd art.
 Thou splendid monument of elder time!
 Were but thy base deep founded as *his* fame,
 Thy fabric stable as his virtue's rock,
 The warring elements in vain should beat,
 And earth itself to its foundation shake,
 Yet 'mid the dire commotion thou remain! [endure
 Thou phrensied Gaul!^s could'st thou the thought
 To wrest this dearest relic from the soil,
 To plant it impious on a foreign strand?
 Shade of immortal Theseus, arise!
 In dreadful majesty appear once more,
 And palsy with benumbing fear what hand
 Shall sacrilegious dare attempt the deed.
 Yet even this, this stately pile, must fall;
 So too that prouder fane by Phidias built:
 So all these vestiges august! Time saps
 Their base, and rude barbaric hands assail
 The superstructure. When, upon a day

* The temple of Theseus: it was erected in honour of that hero by Cimon,
 the son of Miltiades.

Not distant, some lone pilgrim shall demand
 Where Athens stood? perchance he may be told
 To go and seek it on another spot;—
 The startled hunter says, it is not here!

O tale of wonder! tale in after age
 Of hard belief—incredible in this!
 That Europe's sons, who owe to Greece the lights
 Of science and of song, the boon of arts
 And every nobler gift, should passive view
 Her shores polluted by a barbarous foe!
 That they, whose banner is the Cross, should still
 Reckless behold it trampled in the dust,—
 While, swell'd to torrents, streams the precious blood
 From Grecian veins, a deeper stain to dye
 Than e'er empurpled yet the hallowed soil.
 O England, dear to liberty! at once
 The stay, support, defender of the oppress'd,
 Canst thou not hear when heavenly pity pleads
 In such a cause? ah! from what height, how fall'n.
 And thou, whose virgin vows for freedom breathed
 My darling Country! to whose outstretch'd arms
 The wretched flee for safety and repose,
 Must thou too, all resistless as thou art,
 Withhold thy timely succour in an hour,

That or restores to Greece her noblest birthright,
Or else indissolubly binds her chains!

It cannot—shall not be! Greece shall survive—
But hark! e'en now, methinks, I hear the shout
Of despot power, and now the deep'ning groans
Of an expiring land! Indignant Heaven!

The Moslem triumphs, while the sons of sires
Illustrious, drink death at savage hands.

Spirit of ancient Greece! that sitt'st enthron'd
Upon thy everlasting hills, descend!

Stoop from on high—swell loud the heroic trump!
From impious foes quick snatch the bleeding band,
Burst their rude bonds, and crush, remorseless crush,
The stern oppressors of a glorious race.

SCIO:

ETC.

SCIO.

*A dream! thou say'st; 'tis not such stuff as dreams
Are made of.*

O^H, what a dream of horrors has been mine!⁹
Lost in a pleasing reverie at first,
Methought that on the instant I was borne
Upon the viewless winds, far to the east,
To where the sun from cloudless sky peers forth,
And from Ionian hills darts his slant beams
O'er all the Ægæan. There arriv'd as quick,
Methought, I glad alighted on an Isle
Lav'd by the violet waves, that seem'd to my
Astonish'd gaze a place of pure delights,
A paradise below! Throughout the wide
Extent, gay villages, and glittering towns,
And cottages, appear'd; and over all
The land the happy people careless rov'd,
Or, deep conceal'd within their rosy bowers,
They sung the joys of love—or, lull'd anon

By the soft murmurings of the bee, in dreams
 Repeated all their joys. Buoyant as air,
 And gay as unconcern'd, the livelier youth
 Were seen to skim the plain, or, 'neath the shade,
 With the bright nymphs of rapture-beaming eye,
 They in the dance were link'd. The empurpled hills
 Were festoon'd with the vine ; the vallies wav'd
 With golden grain ; the olive and the fig [wide
 Seem'd with their luscious fruits surcharg'd ; and
 Through air the citron, and, of deeper tinge,
 The fragrant orange, all their sweets effus'd.
 Such was that blissful scene ! But as I stood
 Upon the sun-bright hill, breathing delight
 And gazing on the lovely world beneath,
 Lo ! in the east a blacken'd cloud appear'd,
 Sweeping the horizon round, and, up to heav'n
 Ascending quick, o'ersadow'd all the earth.
 The orb of day, I thought, was struck from heav'n—
 His golden beams all quench'd ! for midnight reign'd,
 Black as was Erebus ; and Silence' self
 Stood fix'd in breathless expectation. Me
 A chilling awe, the harbinger of death,
 Methought had seiz'd, and down I powerless sunk ;
 But, as I lay supine upon the ground,

Immediate all the vaulted sky was fir'd,
 And horrid shrieks, and groans, and piteous cries,
 With yells of triumph intermix'd, my ear
 Assail'd. Upon my feet, startled, I sprang,
 As if by sudden strength endued, and cast
 My wildering eye around. O, God of man!
 What did I there behold? From every town,
 Whence the glad hum of busy multitudes
 But now arose—from every smiling cot,
 And hamlet gay, the angry flames and smoke,
 In volumes dun, portentous stream'd thro' heav'n
 While by the ominous light, scouring the land,
 I saw, spread far and wide, a ruffian horde,
 And in their hideous train the monster crew—
 Slaughter, and Lust, and Crime. As when a flock,
 At sight of some grim tenant of the wild,
 Flies devious o'er the plain, nor stops to look
 Behind—so from their impious foes, I thought,
 Fled swift the hapless race. But safety none,
 Nor refuge, could they find. Even valour then
 Was powerless, taken by surprise; or, press'd
 By numbers, fought, hopeless of victory.
 At first, with mad revenge, the harden'd foe
 Slew all—youth, childhood, age, the softer sex.

All fell their prey. But when they spar'd, 'twas
worse :

Men were their victims, and the blooming youth,
Aspiring to be men. Lo ! weltering in
Their gore they lie, while o'er their breathless clay
The dastards revel. Ah ! how blest your fate,
Ye slaughter'd fathers, sons ! I pitying thought ;
Ye hear no more the wild laments, the shrieks,
Which rend the air ; ye view no more your wives,
Your mothers, bending frantic o'er the slain ;
Or, wing'd with fear, fly desperate to the beach,
And of the winds and waves ask succour, while,
Deaf to their cries, the winds and waves repel
The trembling fugitives. Your daughters too—
Oh, sight of horror ! No—ye see not them
Fast in your murderers' arms—their stifled cries
Ye list not, though the rifted rocks recoil
Affrighted, and the heavens more darkly frown.
But, sick at heart, and struck aghast at sight
Of such polluted scenes, where, in the forms
Of men, the fiends of hell seem'd all let loose
To prey upon mankind, methought I turn'd
Away, and glad had clos'd my eyes in death :
When, as by some enchanter's touch, the scene

Again was chang'd. A lurid sky was all
 That I perceiv'd above, while the wide earth
 Was one extended waste, where Solitude
 Her sceptre joyless sway'd. The vine-clad hills,
 The golden plains, and trees surcharg'd with fruit,
 Had vanish'd all; mute was the voice of love,
 And dead to joy the land. Mournful I gaz'd,
 And still stood fix'd to gaze, when from the shores
 Remote a numerous fleet I saw depart,
 And on the treacherous decks a frantic crowd—
 The wives, the daughters, of this happy Isle,
 Now slaves of Cruelty and Lust! at this
 Abhorred view I felt my bosom swell
 To bursting, and with double rage I burnt
 To slay the tyrants. But on the instant check'd,
 I with surprise ineffable beheld
 Alighting from a dazzling cloud, upon
 The hill where then I stood, a goddess form!
 Bright with immortal charms she stood; and, cas'd
 In heavenly panoply, her glittering spear
 She wav'd. I saw, and, humbled to the dust,
 Methought I prostrate fell; when, with a voice
 Of more than earthly dignity, these words,
 Gracious, she thus vouchsaf'd: “Mortal! in me

" Behold the majesty of Greece ! I long
 " Have view'd her sons indignant groan beneath
 " The oppressor's rod. The slaves of slaves, they felt
 " Their iron bonds corrode the soul. They breath'd
 " Revenge : Revenge ! they loud exclaim—and hills
 " And vales repeat with one acclaim, revenge !
 " The time has come when the barbaric host
 " Shall yield to freemen—when, inspir'd by me,
 " Greece from her shores the impious foe again
 " Shall drive ; or once more with their blood shall
 drench
 " Plataea's plain, and Marathon's proud field !
 " Arise then, son of earth ! nor let thy soul
 " Despair : the gods—yea, the great God of heaven
 " And earth, in such a cause, will lend his aid.
 " Greece yet shall live—shall triumph o'er her foes !"
 This said, immediate in a golden cloud
 The heavenly vision was again involv'd,
 And snatch'd from view. For me, lost and perplex'd,
 Now cheer'd, now plung'd in grief, stung by despair
 Or fir'd by hate, aloud I maddening call'd
 (Or thought I call'd) on heaven ! on earth ! for aid ;
 And, with the effort made, at once awoke.

INVOCATION

T O H E A L T H .

DAUGHTER of Heav'n! to thee, from whose bright eyes
The purest beam of joy ineffable,
As from the sun his vivifying ray,
Divinely emanates, to thee I wake
The lyre, and to my adventurous strain thy aid
Invoke. Fair queen of smiles, queen of delights
Which none but those who worship thee can feel,
And feeling paint—Hygeia, hail! Thy brows
The immortal amaranth, intermingled gay
With roses dipt in blushing clouds of morn,
Irradiates. Round thy bright form divine
A purple-tinctured robe fantastic waves,
The sport of zephyrs, bearing on their wings
Unnumber'd perfumes: while, with lavish hands
Strewing thy steps with flowers, and to the sound
Of sweetest music dancing, thy blest train, [them,
The Hours, weave their light measures. O! with
With thee, bright goddess, let me ever taste

Supernal joy. Whether with thee, to scale
 The mountain heights abrupt, when from the East
 The young-eyed Day first shoots his level beams
 Along their tops, panting I climb—or seek,
 With thee, the shadowy groves at sultry noon,
 Or else, at dewy eve, eager with thee
 I hie me where extends the grassy vale
 Its sinuous length—to me 'tis equal bliss.

Where'er thou beckonest, pleas'd, I follow swift,
 Sure that no dangers lurk within thy paths,
 Where gladness ever reigns. There no gaunt forms,
 The abhorrent brood of Sickness and Despair,
 Appal the view; nor finds the monster Death
 His victims there. Oh! no: on beds of down,
 In Luxury's soft lap, at the gay feast,
 Amid the revel and the song, he seeks
 (Invisible himself) whom he may pierce:
 Insidious flies his shaft, and wounds who least
 Suspect the blow; or, with pestiferous breath,
 He taints the fount of life. Ah! little knows
 The wretch, who feels the arrow sent to kill,
 He whom pale sickness, with benumbing touch,
 Has stretch'd upon his couch the livelong day,
 And sadder night, the joys that flow from health.

The glorious morn, dispensing light from heav'n,
 No rapture brings to him—the mountain breeze
 Nor tingles in his veins, nor with delight
 Forever new his breast dilates—no flowers,
 Nurtured in genial soil, expand and bloom
 To cheer his languid view, or to exhale
 For him their sweets. Nature herself, indeed,
 To the unhappy man seems sick at heart ;
 Does he but hear the rustling breeze, he starts
 As if he felt the death-wind passing by
 To sweep him to the tomb ; if but a ray
 Of the all-cheering sun—cheering to all
 But him—salute his eyes, how does he shrink
 From the blest beam, as if along with it
 Contagion dire and pestilence were borne.

Alas, for thee, beloved FRISBIE ! Was
 That effluence divine, that fervid ray,
 Fatal to thee ? Didst thou too learn to sigh
 Upon the bed of sickness ? Didst thou feel
 That faintness of the soul oppressing life,
 When hope is long deferr'd ? Too true, thou didst :
 And thou couldst tell how many a pang it cost
 To part forever from a world so lov'd.
 Yet at the last, O envied fate ! thou heardst

A voice, a still small voice, that whispered peace
 To thee ; and, as the fatal hour drew nigh
 Which sever'd thee from us, a seraph-form,
 Descending from the skies, shewed thee the gates
 Of everlasting bliss, and, wiping quick
 Thy tears away, bade thee to enter in.
 Ah ! who may hope that his career shall end
 So tranquilly as thine ; who hope like thee
 To find upon the pillow of Disease
 A solace for the pangs which rend at once
 The wasted flesh, and lacerate the heart !

O then with healing in thy wings be near,
 Be to thy votary always near, and let
 My grateful vows to thee be ever paid,
 Hygeia ! What is the laurell'd wreath to him
 Who basks not in thy smile ? what guerdon fair
 Can fame bestow to compensate its loss ?
 If thou withdraw'st thy heavenly aid, thy smile
 Beneficent, instant the warrior's arm
 Sinks nerveless by his side, and from his brows
 Unheeded falls the crown of victory.
 The sage, who nightly pours upon the page
 Of wisdom his dim eye, forgetting thee,
 As studious he sits by the pale lamp,

Anon, with look of vacancy beholds
 His laurels blasted, but without a sigh.
 The poet too, whom thou hadst taught to soar
 Upon the morning's wings, far higher than
 His fabled Pegasus—high as the stars
 Of heaven, with lyre unstrung, and moist with dew
 (Not Castalie's sweet dew!) drooping descends,
 If thou desert him in his flight. But O!
 Mark the fond lover as he joyous weaves
 The myrtle and the rosy wreath, and binds
 With them unbroken faith and constancy:
 Sudden, bereft of thee, vanish his smiles,
 A chilling frost steals o'er his frame, he drops
 The flow'ry braid now tarnished with his tears,
 And yields resistless to his mournful fate.

Mysterious sympathy! Strange that the soul,
 That spark ethereal, unquenchable,
 Never to die, should with this baser mould
 Be affianc'd! Stranger still, that, being so,
 It should be e'er elated or depress'd
 By what its humble, low associate
 Or suffers, or enjoys. Nor only so:
 To all the "skyey influences," alike,
 'Tis subject too. The vernal sun—the bow

Glittering 'mid April showers—the wide blue vault
 Of heaven, and balmy gale—as seen, or felt,
 Exert propitious o'er them both a bland
 And secret sway ; while the cold damps of night—
 The air imprison'd long—the lurid storm,
 And vollied lightning dread, unhinge the springs
 Of life, and all the trembling soul appal.
 Ah ! who shall solve the problem dark of man !
 To the gay child of Fancy I no more
 Address my prayers : But O ! do *Thou* that sitt'st
 Above all thrones, whose dwelling is the fount
 Of truth and joy, do thou conduct me where
 I fain would go. Amid the mazy paths
 Of error I am lost : amid this vale,
 This dark sublunar vale, I seek in vain
 That healing power, which can at once restore
 The languid body, and a balm infuse
 Into the deep recesses of the soul.

THE
OCEAN - TRAVELLERS.

WITH what a giddy and vivacious joy
The sons of ocean hasten to the strand,
And eager mount the stately bark, to hie
They know not where, yet feverish to depart.
Alas ! what toils, what dangers, and what cares,
The restless fugitives attend. Some far
'Mid polar seas adventurous urge the prow
To where Leviathan disports, anon
To yield upon the purple tide his life
And bulk immense to man, if (fate severe !)
The hapless bark, 'twixt icy mountains wedg'd,
Be crush'd not. Some to Europe's peopled shores,
Far up the Baltic, or the midland sea,
Where beauteous Greece, with liberty, expires,
Advance ; or skirt the shores of Erin, or,
Bright Albion ! rush into thy busy ports,
Fill'd with the navies of the subject world.
Some to the South sail devious. 'Mid the Isles

That blossom with the cane, and stretch around
 And fill the bosom of the Mexic gulph,
 Thousands are lur'd ; but in the scented gales
 They sicken and expire. Others, more bold,
 Beyond the mighty Capes adventure, toss'd
 By storms, or driven by the blast ; and thence
 Diverging, meet no more—or only meet
 At the antipodes : these the bright sun
 Salutes, as o'er the eastern seas they bound,
 Or coast the shores of Afric, or of Ind ;
 While those the smooth Pacific skim, or 'mid
 The ocean-isles, where the brown nymphs their
 charms

Guileless reveal, their mazy track pursue.
 But endless were the task to follow round
 The watery world the hardy race, who claim
 No less the muse's pity than her song.
 Where'er they go, danger still follows swift,
 Disease o'ertakes, or purple plague destroys.
 Ye sullen waves, that murmur round the shores
 Of Java's isle malignant, say !—for ye
 Can tell—what numbers there repose beneath
 The turbid tide. There manhood in his prime,
 And youth elate with hope, all sink alike.

Invisible the infectious Spirit walks
 The wave, and, 'mid the affrighted souls whom love
 Of gold or wild adventure thither sends,
 Darts pestilence and death! Nor did he spare
 My dear *Arion*! from his tender cheek
 The rose immediate wither'd, as the fiend
 Too rudely breath'd, and down he sunk, unheard,
 Unwept! Ye zephyrs bland! ye balmy gales!
 Could ye not lift his head? Ye Naiads too,
 Enamour'd as ye were! could ye not save
 The beauteous boy? For him, for you, I weep!
 But why these *partial* tears? Condemn'd to drink
 The briny wave, what thousands die, and leave
 No brother to relate their piteous tale!
 Now, by the tempest dash'd, the fragile bark
 Is strewn upon the mountain waves, and all
 Are lost! Now, in the smooth but treacherous calm,
 Amid a boundless solitude of sea,
 Sudden the vessel sinks, and as the waves
 Collapse, one piercing shriek ascends to heaven!
 And strait through all the amplitude of sky
 A dread repose ensues. Yet happy such,
 Thrice happy, when to those compar'd whose fate
 Ordains to linger out their lives (their hopes,

Their fortunes shipwreck'd !) while to a rude plank
 Alone, or thing as frail, a little skiff,
 Tenacious they adhere ; and view aghast,
 Where'er they turn, the phantom of despair
 Still brooding o'er the waves. Alas for thee,
 (Too rightly nam'd) *Medusa* !* who shall tell
 What horrors once were thine ? who dare behold ?
 If the bold hand of fancy could depict
 The dreadful scene. Not Gallia's sons, her gay
 Mercurial sons, that laugh at pain, and in
 The battle's heat brave death in thousand forms,
 Could undismay'd then meet the tyrant's frowns.
 As when on some unwary head alights
 The thunderbolt, so terrible the shock
 To them ! In noon of midnight too it came,
 When, lost in feverish sleep, or dreams of love,
 The careless crew repos'd. Wild with affright,
 They start, they spring upon the deck ! some wield
 The dexterous axe, and some the cordage cut—
 Sudden the masts fall thundering down—the decks
 Are clear'd—boats launch'd—and all prepare, should
 dire
 Necessity impel, to spurn the wreck.

* The name of a French frigate which was shipwrecked in the African seas.

Then comes a mighty surge, and in the deep
 Whelms half the abject host ! and, rent in twain,
 The shatter'd bark with twice a hundred souls,
 Scarce floats upon the wave, lash'd to and fro
 As suits the unpitying winds. There all nightlong,
 And many a day—dark as the blackest night,
 With horrors fill'd—to fragments of the wreck,
 Grappling with death, they cling ! But all in vain.
 Some desperate plunge beneath the tide, and now
 No more are seen ! Some frantic stand and call
 On Heaven for aid, that Heaven had ne'er invok'd
 Before ! Some, stung by hunger and despair,
 With madness rave, and slay their fellows ! Those,
 With horrid rage, their famish'd appetites
 Allay by feasting on the dead—and these
 With atrophy expire ! A wretched few
 Alone escape ; the rest, forever hid
 In ocean's coral caves, lie weltering deep !

MUTUAL LOVE.

*"O fair encounter
Of two most rare affections!"*

THERE is a moment in the life of man
Most happy even to my sombre view—
It is the moment of revealed love !
Nay, scoff not ye profane ; 'tis not for you
The muse inglorious sings : no, nor for you
Who sordid find a substitute for love
In drossy ore. Would'st know what time I deem
Thus fortunate ? 'Tis when the gentle nymph,
With blushes sweet, avows to him she loves
The passion of her heart—in modish phrase,
Consents to be beloved ! O Heaven and Earth !
How are ye both in happy unison
Combin'd, to bless the lover then, and shed
Your sweetest, purest influence on him,
On every thing around. No phrensy wild,
No tumult of the thoughts, disturb the breast
In that propitious hour ; but all is calm

And bright as summer seas, reflecting mild
 The lustre of the morn. Joy sits serene
 Upon the youthful brow, and plumes secure
 His golden wings ; while tenderness dissolves
 The soul. The lover's eye, whene'er it meets
 The timid fair's, or bashful shrinks—or, fix'd
 An instant there, where shine love's lambent orbs,
 Drinks in the soft effulgence. When she speaks,
 He thinks it is a seraph's voice he hears,
 And lists the while delighted, and could still
 Forever listen to the strain. But if,
 Perchance, his lips should press her yielding hand,
 What sudden joy immediate thrills the frame,
 And fills the bosom of the favour'd youth !
 The soul, in the soft hour thus rapturous spent
 In blessing and in being blest, finds joy
 It never knew till then, nor craves for more.
 Yet if a thought should wander, still the heart
 O'erflows with love ; for, seated by the nymph
 Ador'd, the youth impassion'd feels his breast
 Dilate ; and with the love he breathes for her,
 Is mingled warm a prayer for all that live.
 Meantime the heavens serener smile, and seem
 To Fancy's view—seem to the blissful pair,

Replete with joyous beings like themselves :
And over all the earth—upon the hills
And mountain tops, and in the blooming vales
The notes of gladness ring, and wide proclaim
The soften'd triumph of the infant god.
Tell me, ye virtuous few, ye who in youth's
Ecstatic hour have felt, and ye who now
In bloom of adolescence feel, the bliss
Of being lov'd—tell me if such is not
The image of a pure and hallowed love.

THE
W E D D E D P A I R .

*" Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,—
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
Most like to these?"*

THE rosy hours of childhood are most sweet—
And sweet the purple morn of youth—sweet too
The happy moment of revealed love.
But O! how sweeter far the joys of him
Who clasps, transported, to his breast the nymph
Whose only vows were breath'd for him—for whom
'Tis bliss to live—for whom 'twere bliss to die!
For ask the lover now with nuptial crown
Adorn'd, and link'd by Hymen's silken chain
To her whose virgin beauty fir'd his heart,
And whose serener graces of the mind
Had touch'd his soul, if happiness to one
Poor fleeting moment, or perchance, to years,
Of undissembled, prosperous love 's confined?
Exulting he will answer, no! nor would

He now exchange one hour of wedded life,
 For all the gladsome moments of the past.
 True, fancy sometimes may, to cheat the heart,
 Depict on golden web the semblance bright
 Of vanish'd joys ; and fond remembrance cling
 To the idea soft : but now he feels
 " The sober certainty of waking bliss,"
 The happier youth looks back without regret,
 And forward with a smile. Twin'd with the bands
 Of virtuous love, the present he enjoys,
 Nor dreams of distant ills, if haply she,
 The charmer of his soul, be near. Behold !
 Ye who in pleasure's flowery paths have stray'd
 Erratic, seeking joy, but finding none,
 Behold the *wedded* Pair ! How graceful do
 They skim the verdant plain like two young fawns
 Exuberant with life, thoughtless of harm,
 And happy in themselves. O, who would wound
 Their guileless hearts, or envious mar the peace
 Of innocence like theirs ! Anon they pause,
 And up to heaven, as witness of their bliss,
 They look ! and then, reflected here below,
 In their own visages reflected, see
 Its brightness and its calm. They look around !

And earth, in all its loveliness array'd,
 Seems form'd for them alone. They look to God!
 And, with approving smiles, the God of heaven
 And earth unites their hearts, and gracious breathes
 Unsullied peace within. Ah, happy they,
 (If ought of happiness is found on earth,)
 Who nor in thought nor action stand accus'd—
 Who thus in pleasures pure consume the day,
 In mutual love, their lives! So in the midst
 Of Eden's blooming bowers, together stood,
 Together graceful rov'd, the matchless Pair!
 Crown'd with immortal youth—pure, innocent,
 And beautiful as heaven! they rather seem'd
 Like beings just alighted from the skies,
 Than denizens of earth. Joy sparkled in
 Their eyes, and in their hearts love reign'd supreme.
 Ye paragons of earth! why were ye lost?
 How from your bowers of bliss was bliss exil'd?

FLORELLO.

"That Angel Boy!"

O, CHILDHOOD ! age of bliss ! forever gone,
Yet still remember'd with impassion'd love,
How beautiful art thou ! How often have
I gazed upon the clear blue fields of heav'n,
And thought I should be happy there—as oft
Upon thy face, sweet childhood, have I gaz'd,
And thought of heav'n the while ! And who but feels
And must forever feel a sympathy
For thee, while innocence has power to win
The heart, or tenderness a refuge finds
Within the human breast. What thousand charms
Lov'd age, are thine, till reason disenchant
The scene, and all thy fairy land, dissolv'd,
Evaporates like a wild fantastic dream !
Such was the airy world in which thou liv'dst,
FLORELLO ! and so evanescent too.
Thy little world and thee vanish'd both
At once, struck by a rude, unwelcome guest,

Than Reason colder. Whom! thy *epitaph*
 Will tell. *Here* have I often sat me down—
 Here, while the dews of heav'n fell thick upon
 Thy grave, and thought of what thou wast, and what,
 Perchance, thou would'st have been! sad, pleasing
 thoughts!

But all beyond man's feeble ken is dark.
 Had God prolong'd thy date, the same kind power
 Might have endued thee with superior mind.
 A Chatham's eloquence, perhaps, had fall'n
 Persuasive from thy tongue, or Milton's muse
 Been rivall'd in thine own! or, mournful thought,
 Like Beattie's sons, by genius crown'd, and deep
 Imbued with classic lore, in bloom of youth
 Thou might'st have sunk to rest. Ah! who shall tell
 What *else* thou might'st have been. But little boots
 Such inquisition. What thou *wast* I know,
 And *feel*, Florello! Oh! how have I gazed
 Upon that lovely face as it was deck'd
 With smiles, and caught felicity from it:
 And then anon, while watching thee, intent
 To read thy mind, how would my fond heart ache!
 Why was it so? Could such ingratitude
 Pervade my breast? It is for you—you who

Possess Florellos, to reply. And once
 Again, upon a time Despair had mark'd
 Me for his prey, and unresisting seiz'd,
 I rivetted my eyes upon that face :
 'Twas beautiful ! But not a smile was seen
 To play around those lips ; though seeming as
 In act to speak, half op'd, their vermil tint
 Had fled : I thought to catch a breathing word,
 And bent me close to hear—but all was still !
 All save the throbbings of my bleeding heart.

DAPHNE.

“ Elle étoit de ce monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vive les roses,
L' espace d' un matin.” *Malherbe.*

THE winds are hush'd; but the chill air of night
Pervades my shivering frame. The crisped leaves
Which late in verdant pride way'd to the breeze
In undulations soft, and by the blast
But now where whirled from the neighboring wood,
Have cumber'd all my solitary paths.
Softly I tread the mazy labyrinth, lest
The rustling noise should interrupt the deep
And fearful stillness here. 'Tis thus amid
The forest wilds, when Autumn crowns, as now,
The plenteous year, and the gay antler'd herds
Look sleek, the unwearied hunter threads his way.
And, with a step cautious as Guilt, pursues
The timid chase. But what shall I alarm
In these deserted haunts, where none of choice

Repair, save those whom wretchedness has taught
 After long toil to seek for refuge *here*.
 The mole has burrow'd deep, and heeds me not ;
 The bat has ta'en his headlong flight in search
 Of gentler skies, or nestles in some lone
 And cover'd nook ; while at my feet sleep those
 Whom not the crash of worlds shall wake again !
 Ha ! is it so ? and wilt not thou awake
 My dear, lamented DAPHNE ? Shall that form,
 That form so heavenly fair, ne'er bloom again ?
 Thy dust, alas ! is not commingled here
 With kindred dust ; but doth it aught avail ?
 Lo ! where repose the long forgotten race,
 The lengthen'd line of thy progenitors :
 Whilst thou, far amid southern climes, beneath
 The tam'rind and the orange tree, art laid,
 Fit resting place for thee ! No winter there
 Shivers the glories of the circling year,
 Nor tarnishes the lustre of the groves :
 Thy fav'rite myrtle there can never die ;
 There every gale wafts perfumes o'er thy grave !
 Ah why, such scenes among, should man alone
 Then fade ? Nature with lavish hand adorns
 The wild, and bids the flowers perpetual bloom ;

But there to man a longer date denies,
 Nay, warns him thence before his 'custom'd time.
 And such, my Daphne, was thy cruel doom !
 And worse—For thou wast fated twice to die—
 And twice in the full vernal bloom of youth—
 The cup at *parting* bitterer than Death's !
 How wast thou torn, all lovely as thou wert,
 And beauteous too as Maia's self when flush'd
 By genial beams of the young sun, from arms
 Unwilling to be loos'd from thine ! How flow'd
 Thy tears, when the fond ties which bound thee here
 Were sundered ! How did thy young heart throb
 When to my own for the last time 'twas press'd !
 But years since that sad parting have flown by ;
 And years have flown since thou wast rapt to heaven !
 Yet how can I forget, or thou forgive ?
 True thou didst oft invite me to thy home,
 Didst beckon me amid thy fragrant groves,
 To feed me on thy golden fruits, and breathe
 Thy incens'd air ; but, such my wayward mood,
 I spurn'd the call (though sweeter not than thine
 An angel's voice) or thought, as worldings do,
 Another time to come. Thus wisdom's fool'd ;
 And thus was I infatuated too.

My Daphne ! art thou then forever fled !
 O, once again appear as thou wast wont ;
 Even in my dreams I see thee smile ; and waking,
 Oft pay thee with my late repentant tears.
 Tears are thy due—ah ! doubly due from one
 On whom thy infant eyes shed beams of love—
 Whom thou remember'dst to thy latest breath !

EUGENIO.

EUGENIO ! say, canst thou remember when
These arms encircled thy dear infant form ?
Canst thou recal the time when on my knees
Thou lov'dst to slumber ? where, press'd to my heart,
Thou wert secure from dangers and alarm ;
And where I've oft survey'd thy angel face,
And breath'd a prayer for thee ? Perchance thou
canst not.

But thou canst tell how many a frolic hour
Together we have pass'd in after days.
In that soft age, when reason first begins
To dawn, and the young heart beats quick, and joy
Sparkles and overflows, how often have
Thy little feet pursued me, while with coy
And quicken'd step I still contriv'd to elude
Thy tender grasp. O yes ; and thou mayest well
Remember too a thousand little arts
Of thine to cheat the rosy-footed Hours,
Who, smiling, would not even be detain'd
By thee. Nor wilt thou soon forget, my lov'd one,
How oft I've kiss'd away thy tears, when some

Mischance had caus'd them from their little founts
 To gush, and course adown thy blooming cheeks.
 And then, what joys were those of riper time !
 In thy lov'd boyhood, when to my fond eye
 Thou seem'dst a young and feather'd Mercury,
 How often have we scal'd the lofty hills,
 To gaze upon the world below ! how oft
 Together have we trac'd the sinuous stream,
 And cull'd the flowers which deck'd its banks, or
 troll'd,

With cautious hand, the slender line, to win
 From their lov'd element the playful minnow,
 Gay perch, or trout superb thick spangled o'er
 With gold and purple. Oft hast thou thyself
 Dwelt with delight upon thy 'hair breadth 'scapes,'
 Thy prowess, and thy feats of wondrous skill,
 Which mark'd in strong-drawn lines thy boyhood's
 prime.

Ah ! why wilt thou not listen now—say why
 Dost thou not smile to hear the tale which pleas'd
 Thee once, nay, pleas'd a thousand, thousand times,
 My dear Eugenio ! Even in later age,
 Amid thy manlier sports, the sports of youth,
 I've heard thee oft recur to the soft joys,

That fill'd thy nectar'd cup of life, nor left
 Unsatisfied a wish. But thy young days,
 Alas for me, for *thee*, fond boy, are now
 Forever fled! and, Oh! how shall I tell
 The grievous truth—how with a bursting heart
 Shall I a fatal secret dare divulge?—
 Thy lovelier *youth*, like the soft thistle's down,
 Which the rude wind unpitying sweeps along,
 Is fleeting too away! No more I trace
 Thy darling feet—no more that eye of thine,
 Reflecting soft yon heavenly azure field,
 Bespeaks thy inward joy—no more thy cheek
 (As Hebe's soft) vies with the opening rose,
 But ever and anon a burning blush
 Mournful reveals the foe that riots there;
 And as I mark the spoiler at his work,
 With streaming tears I raise my eyes to Heaven,
 And fervent pray his victim yet may 'scape.
 Oh, youth belov'd! oh, dearer to my soul
 Than all man deems most precious in the world,
 How shall I part from thee! say where, ah, where,
 When thou art gone, shall I e'er find a face
 Glowing like thine with radiant truth? where find
 A heart so pure? a mind so bright, so rich,

So early rich in wisdom's lore ? Alas !
 Must thou be thus cut down—thus, like a flow'r
 Rude sever'd from its stalk, be strewn upon
 The arid plain, and left to wither there !
 See, pitying Heaven—thy own fair work behold,
 Awhile 'mid scenes terrestrial let it bloom,
 To glad the eye, and shew how within forms
 Of clay a heavenly spirit is conceal'd.
 But no, it cannot, must not be—thy fate,
 Beloved youth, is seal'd ! Around thee mists
 And clouds fast gather ; and Death's angel dark
 Is hovering near to bear thee to his drear
 Domain. And must thou go alone ? shall I
 Be left to dew with tears thy mournful hearse—
 To strew thy grave with flowers—and twine for thee
 The wreath funereal, the sad cypress wreath !
 Ah ! rather let me go with thee—with thee
 Seek the cold realms of death, and bury all
 My sorrows there. But there thou wilt not stay !
 Then take, oh take me with thee to a world
 Where sorrow is not known ; where love and joy
 Perpetual reign : and where a smiling band,
 Lov'd, *lost* Eugenio, thy coming wait,
 To crown thee with their amaranthine flowers.

ALPHONSO.

*“ He must not sink,
“ Without the meed of some melodious tear.”*

THE howling wind, startling the dull cold ear
Of midnight, mournful vibrates in my own,
And with appalling fears unmans the soul.
O Death ! why, in an hour so rude, dost thou
Obtrude thy spectral form, and fill the mind
With dark imaginings ? Is't not enough
That we incontinent obey thy call,
And cower beneath thy frown, but thou must mock
Us still with shadows, hideous as thyself ?
Alas, how wondrous is our fate ! Though heirs
Of life—immortal life ! we fade, and die,
And mingle with the dust. What horror in
The thought ! ev'n with the hope, which secret lurks
Within the breast, that Heaven will ope its gates
To us, what doubts and fears the soul oppress !
And, oh, how soon are we forgot ! forgot
Ere the bright furze can blossom o'er our graves !

And then, to leave this goodly scene—to be
 Debarr'd the sight of the blest heavens—to feel
 No more the balmy zephyr—and amid
 The west to view the sinking sun, in floods
 Of gold depart, never to rise again !
 Oh, my sad soul ! how wilt thou meet that hour ?—
 But is this world so dear ? I fain would know—
 And is it too so hard for us to die ?
 Shade of my lov'd ALPHONSO ! speak, ah, speak !
 For earth had charms for thee, if it have charms
 For any. Yes, blest as thou wast—at once
 By virtue, fortune, friends ! It well had wean'd
 Thee from the skies. Yet thou could'st willing leave
 Them all—nay, dearer than all these—the lov'd
 Companion of thy youth, and blooming boy,
 Could'st leave to wrap thee in thy dusky shroud !
 Nor didst thou go with faltering step, and heart
 Wild throbbing with alarms. Thy manly soul,
 As erst on the rude ocean-wave, when earth
 And skies tumultuous warr'd, could meet the king
 Of terrors undismay'd, though worlds should quake
 And crumble into dust ! Full long he stood
 Waving his shadowy sceptre o'er thy couch,
 As if in doubt to strike : but as thou smil'dst

(For in thy agonies a smile was seen !)
 He aim'd malignant the unerring shaft !
 Swift as that shaft, thy lofty head to earth
 Was bow'd. And now upon the breezy hill
 Thou sleep'st ! 'Twas there, in happier times, we oft
 Had stood, and view'd the sylvan world below,
 With its bright stream that glisten'd thro' the leaves,
 (All then thine own !)—'twas there, in mournful mood,
 Oppress'd with dark forebodings of thy doom,
 Thou didst confess thy pleasure to repose :—
 “ Here let me peaceful rest,” said'st thou, “ when
 death

“ Upon a day, haply not far, shall call
 “ Me hence : but be it soon or late, my friend,
 “ Here let me rest ! no marble shall reveal
 “ My name, or lineage : the sun alone,
 “ As down he sinks beneath yon purple hills,
 “ Shall gild my humble grave !” Prophetic dream.
 Alas ! thou too hast sunk, Alphonso ! Yet,
 Anon, like the bright Regent of the day,
 Shalt lift thy head, and sparkle in the skies.

SPRING.

THE Autumn, to the poet's soul, is full
Of inspiration. All that we behold
Above, around—all, to the mournful muse,
In language eloquent, foretels the fate
Of man! But when admonish'd by the sight
Of nature in her state of decadence—
And when the roar of winds, which usher in
The maddening tempest, swells upon the ear—
The pensive mind with awe is struck, or starts
At thought of the extinction of man's hopes.
Not such the rosy Spring! The infant year
Is full of hope, and love, and joy. The air,
Pure and attenuated, seems like breath
Of heaven, where angels might disport, and live.
The various sky, now a clear azure vault,
And now with silvery clouds adorn'd, that yield
Warm drops prelude of the genial show'r,
Is beautiful. The sun himself looks bright
In youthful charms, and renovated strength.

Swift from the bosom of the orient wave
 He rises, shaking his resplendent locks,
 And mounts the lofty sky—then ardent there
 Pursues the ethereal course—and then adown
 The west precipitate he speeds, and wraps
 Him in a golden cloud. But thou, O earth,
 With what transcendent beauty art thou deck'd !
 The wide extended plain—the mountain side—
 Each hill-top—every rocky height is clothed
 With pristine verdure, which the eye drinks in
 Insatiate ; while, aloft, of every hue,
 Though verd'rous still, the tow'ring oak, the pine
 Erect, the elm fantastic, maple bright
 And flexile willow—with ten thousand else
 All spangled o'er (a wilderness of sweets !)
 Wave to the kissing breeze, and seem to joy
 In the embrace. Then Flora art thou seen
 In all thy loveliness ! Thy crown a wreath
 Of shadowing roses, and thy sceptre meek,
 The lilly of the vale ; forth o'er the fields
 Alighting from a fragrant cloud, thou goest.
 All nature smiles at thy approach ; beneath
 Thy feet, in every bosky dell, amid
 The shade and in the eye of day, spring up

Unnumber'd flowers, reflecting in their tints
 The hues of heaven; while every zephyr near
 Bears on his wings their perfumes. Then the world
 Is full of music. Myriads throng the air,
 Light as the air itself, eluding sight,
 Yet to the conscious ear that eager lists
 The buz of joy, not distant. Myriads too,
 Warbling their wood-notes wild, within the groves
 Rejoice, and to the tell-tale echo give
 Their notes of love. While 'mid the vale, and o'er
 The verdant downs, the low of gath'ring herds
 And bleat of flocks innumerable, all conspire
 To swell the song of joy, resounding wide
 Through the whole earth, and up to heaven itself!
 But thou, O man! the lord of this new world,
 How doth thy soul exult amid the scene!
 Not lovelier once when rising from the waves,
 Flush'd with primeval beauty, seem'd the nymph
 Of heavenly birth, to thy delighted eye,
 Than now the new-born earth, nor less intense
 The raptures which thou feel'st. For love still reigns,
 Still kindles round thy heart his golden fires,
 And lifts thy soul to heaven. Bright effluence
 From the pure source of goodness infinite,

O may it long pervade a happy world !
Long in the breast of favour'd man awake
A guiltless transport—long attune his voice
To noblest strains of gratitude and praise !

NOTES.

*Lo ! here upon the sacred hill, where sleeps
The great Musæus, bard of old renown'd,
Lo here amid the City's bounds I stand.*

Note 1—Page 5.

The history, antiquities, and topography, of Athens, are too familiar to every one, to require any particular notice in this place. In order that the reader may have some definite idea of the relative positions of the objects as they are successively described in the poem, he must imagine himself placed for a moment upon the summit of the Musæum hill, the station from which the *Panorama* of that celebrated city was taken. Those who had the good fortune to see that splendid picture, will recollect that the objects in the foreground were chiefly of a rural and pastoral description. The declivities of the Musæum hill (once included within the walls of Athens) were there represented, as they often are in fact, covered with flocks: in the midst of which shepherds were seen here and there reclining upon the turf, or groups of Greek females were observed to be engaged in dancing the *Romaika*, a favourite diversion, which is supposed to bear a near resemblance to a dance of the *Ancient Greeks*. The spectator, finding himself surrounded by these pleasing objects, is for a moment inclined to doubt whether he is not imposed upon; for he beholds no magnificent city like that which he had, perhaps, erected in his imagination, and which he had come to view. But he soon perceives the lofty rock of the Acropolis, with its ramparts and ruins; and towering above all these, he

beholds the magnificent vestiges of the Parthenon. He now no longer doubts; Athens, not as it was, but as it now is, appears before him. After gazing with a sort of feverish delight upon these striking monuments, his attention is next directed to the natural beauties of the place, and of the surrounding country. But as soon as the observer has taken a glance of the distant scenery, his eye is again attracted towards the favourite objects in the picture—the citadel and plain of Athens, and the architectural remains of ancient grandeur thinly dispersed over them. On these the eye reposes with a melancholy pleasure; and while the mind is led back to the contemplation of the ages of glory, a glow of indignation is felt at the miserable degradation of that seat of learning and of art. Such was the *Panorama*; such now is Athens; and such the emotions which the view of each would excite in the spectator. It will readily be perceived that my little performance is a mere *Panoramic sketch*—not a finished picture; which, indeed, I should in vain have attempted. Still less can I flatter myself that I have been able to identify my own feelings with those of the fortunate man who has actually traced the banks of the Ilissus, and its sister stream, or who has knelt within the sacred precincts of the Parthenon.

As the admirable picture which I have so faintly copied, seems to have passed into oblivion, I think it will not be uninteresting to a portion of the community to know how faithful a transcript it was considered to be of the actual scenery of Athens—how much enthusiasm it was expected to awaken—and to whose munificence we were indebted for the inestimable treasure. I therefore transcribe from an old number of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, the following brief history of the

PANORAMA OF ATHENS.

“It is with the greatest satisfaction that we have been

informed that this celebrated work of art is likely soon to reach our country. After having been the object of universal admiration in England, for the last year, it was lately purchased in London by Theodore Lyman, jun. Esq. and is expected by the first convenient opportunity. Besides the reputation which it enjoyed in London of being the best executed of the famous panoramas of Barker, its value as a perfect representation of the city and plain of Athens was attested by the numerous English travellers in Greece, who are well known to have pronounced in the most favourable manner upon it. It was painted by Messrs. Barker and Burford, of London, after drawings taken from the most elevated part of the Museum Hill by Signor Pomardi, a Roman artist, whom Mr. Dodwell employed on his travels in Greece. The same drawings are now issuing, with Mr. Dodwell's Travels, from the London press. The point of view chosen was selected by Mr. Dodwell as being that from which all the interesting and celebrated objects in the vicinity of Athens may be seen. Besides Mr. Dodwell's drawings, the Panorama was enriched by communications from Mr. Cockerell, another celebrated English traveller in Greece, who also furnished the drawings from life for the human figures introduced into the painting. Among the various public and private testimonies to its merit and beauty, it was enthusiastically pronounced by our countryman Mr. West (the President of the Royal Academy) to be the finest representation which the pencil of man has produced. So valuable was it thought for its connexion with classical antiquity, that the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford in England both made efforts to acquire it. It is therefore with the highest satisfaction that we are enabled to inform the public, that it has been purchased by Mr. Lyman, and that it is intended by him as a present to the University of Cam-

bridge. We congratulate the public on this new and distinguished example of liberality to our University ; and rejoice that so excellent an appropriation is to be made of this celebrated and classical performance. It would certainly be impossible to select any other place so suitable as a distinguished literary institution, to receive this faithful transcript of the ruins and present state of the city which the world of letters must ever regard as its metropolis : and we are sure that we do but anticipate the public feeling, in announcing this act of liberality with the warmest terms of applause."

Yet thine, Euripides !

Thine was the dearest boast.

Note 2—Page 11.

"Amidst this dark and dreadful scene of cruelty and revenge, we must not omit to mention one singular example of humanity, which broke forth like a meteor in the gloom of a nocturnal tempest. The Syracusans, who could punish their helpless captives with such unrelenting severity, had often melted into tears at the affecting strains of Euripides ; an Athenian poet, who had learned in the Socratic school to adorn the lessons of philosophy with the charms of fancy, and who was regarded by the taste of his contemporaries, as he still is by many enlightened judges, as the most tender and pathetic, the most philosophical and instructive, of all tragic writers. The pleasure which the Syracusans had derived from his inimitable poetry, made them long to hear it rehearsed by the flexible voices and harmonious pronunciation of the Athenians, so unlike, and so superior, to the rudeness and asperity of their own Doric dialect. They desired their captives to repeat the plaintive scenes of their favourite bard. The captives obeyed ; and, affecting to re-

present the woes of ancient kings and heroes, they too faithfully expressed their own. Their taste and sensibility endeared them to the Syracusans, who released their bonds, received them with kindness into their families, and, after treating them with all the honourable distinctions of ancient hospitality, restored them to their longing and afflicted country, as a small but precious wreck of the most formidable armament that had ever sailed from a Grecian harbour. At their return to Athens, the grateful captives walked in solemn procession to the house of Euripides, whom they hailed as their deliverer from slavery and death. This acknowledgment, infinitely more honourable than all the crowns and splendour that ever surrounded the person, and even than all the altars and temples that ever adorned the memory, of a poet, must have transported Euripides with the *second* triumph which the heart of man can feel. He would have enjoyed the *first*, if his countrymen had owed to his virtues the tribute which they paid to his talents; and if, instead of the beauty and elegance of his verses, they had been saved by his probity, his courage, or his patriotism; qualities which, still more than genius and fancy, constitute the real excellence and dignity of human nature."

Gillies' Hist. of Greece.

*O Solon ! once by Lydia's throneless king,
Cowering beneath the Persian despot's frown,
Pronounc'd wisest of men !—*

Note 3—Page 12.

"An immense pile of wood and other combustibles were erected in the most spacious part of the city. The miserable victims, bound hand and foot, were placed on the top of the pyre. Cyrus, surrounded by his generals, witnessed the dreadful spectacle, either from an abominable principle

of superstition, if he had bound himself by a vow to sacrifice Crœsus as the first fruits of the Lydian victory, or from a motive of curiosity, equally cruel and impious, to try whether Crœsus, who had so magnificently adorned the temples, and enriched the ministers, of the gods, would be helped in time of need by the miraculous interposition of his much-honoured protectors.

“Meanwhile the unfortunate Lydian, oppressed and confounded by the intolerable weight of his present calamity, compared with the security and splendour of his former state, recollected his memorable conversation with the Athenian sage, and uttered with a deep groan the name of Solon. Cyrus asked, by an interpreter, “whose name he invoked.” “*His*,” replied Crœsus, emboldened by the prospect of certain death, “whose words ought ever to speak to the heart of kings.” This reply not being satisfactory, he was commanded to explain at full length the subject of his thoughts. The words of a dying man are fitted to make an impression on the heart. Those of Crœsus deeply affected the mind of Cyrus. The Persian considered the speech of Solon as addressed to himself. He repented of his intended cruelty towards an unfortunate prince, who had formerly enjoyed all the pomp of prosperity, and, dreading the concealed vengeance that might lurk in the bosom of Fate, gave orders that the pyre should be extinguished.”—*Ibid.*

Thou

*Wast fain to shed ‘some natural tears’ at sight
So grievous.—*

Note 4—Page 15.

“When the king beheld all the Hellespont crowded with ships, and all the shore, with the plains of Abydos,

covered with his troops, he at first congratulated himself as happy, but he afterwards burst into tears."

Beloe's Herodotus.

What subject for reflection is there not in the above simple and unadorned fact! But it has received various glosses. Thus Glover—

"As down

Th' immeasurable ranks his sight was lost,
A momentary gloom o'ercast his mind;
While this reflection fill'd his eyes with tears—
That, soon as time a hundred years had told,
Not one among those millions should survive.
Whence, to obscure thy pride, arose that cloud?
Was it that once humanity could touch
A tyrant's heart? Or rather did thy soul
Repine, O Xerxes, at the bitter thought
That all thy pow'r was mortal?"

Leonidas: Book iv.

*There Paros, dear to art, his lofty brow
Shadowy amid the emerald sea erects;
Revealing to the curious eye alone
His dazzling caves, &c.*

Note 5—Page 17.

"Paros was a rich and powerful island, and well known in ancient times for its famous marble, which was always used by the best statuaries. The best quarries were those of Marpesus, a mountain where still caverns of the most extraordinary depth are seen by modern travellers, and admired as the sources from whence the Labyrinth of Egypt and the porticoes of Greece received their splendour. According to Pliny, the quarries were so uncommonly deep, that in the clearest weather the workmen

were obliged to use lamps, from which circumstance the Greeks have called the marble *Lychnites*, worked by the light of lamps.

“The *Parian* marbles, perhaps better known by the appellation of *Arundelian*, were engraved in this island in capital letters, B. C. 264, and, as a valuable chronicle, preserved the most celebrated epochas of Greece from the year 1582 B. C. These marbles now belong to the University of Oxford, to which they were presented by the Earl of Arundel.”

Lempriere.

*And thou the marvel of each wondering age,
At once the shame and glory of the world,
Majestic Parthenon !*

Note 6—Page 20.

The temple of Minerva, commonly called the Parthenon, was erected during the administration of Pericles, about four hundred and thirty five years before the Christian era. It was nearly entire in the year 1687, when the Venetians, under Morosini, having besieged the citadel, this with many other noble monuments of the ancients suffered irreparable injury. A part of the temple of Minerva had been converted into a powder room; and a red hot ball having penetrated the roof, a destructive explosion was the consequence. This may be termed the fatal era of the Parthenon; for the Venetians were only the precursors of other depredators and destroyers, among whom was a British nobleman, who, with an ostensible love for the arts, has done much towards the demolition of an edifice which had been the admiration of all preceding times, and which, even in ruins, is one of the proudest monuments of human genius.

If the Greeks, in spite of the frowns of power, and the apathy of mankind, should be able to achieve their indepen-

dence, one of the early acts of their government should be to decree the restoration of the Parthenon. I do not mean that they should begin to labour upon it in that state of exhaustion in which they must be left after their sanguinary, but glorious struggle; yet I should hope that the project would be steadily kept in view. It is to be presumed, that in this event, the British Parliament would send back the sculptures of *Phidias*, and that the king of France would follow the laudable example. Every *block* should be replaced. The inscription (as translated) may then read thus:—

ERECTED BY PERICLES.

DEFACED AND VIOLATED BY THE BARBARIANS.

RESTORED

BY THE PEOPLE OF GREECE.

*That precious fane, the Goths of every age,
The Christian and the Infidel, had spor'd;
For thee alone to mar the beauteous work,
It was reserv'd.*

Note 7—Page 21.

The beautiful little edifice called Pandrosus, with the temples of Minerva Polias and Erechtheus (all three constituting one building, though forming in fact as many different temples) and the majestic pillars of the Parthenon, comprehend the principal remains of ancient grandeur upon the *Acropolis*. The roof of the portico of the temple of Pandrosus was supported by six colossal caryatides, one of which Lord Elgin removed. The Greek inhabitants of Athens, with that acute sensibility for which they have always been remarkable, now imagine that they hear at certain times mournful sounds proceeding from the

remaining figures, as if they were lamenting the absence of that which was so wantonly torn away. The removal of the figure is much to be regretted, because it will precipitate the destruction of the building; and because, though beautiful in its place, it is not, as a work of art, particularly estimable.

I am not surprised that lord Byron was unable to suppress his indignation at the conduct of the Earl of Elgin and his agents. The Earl was welcome to the *Ilissus*, to the *Neptune*, and to a thousand other precious fragments; but no one can think of the destruction of the frieze of the Parthenon, without execrating the hands which were employed in its demolition.

Thou phrensied Gaul!

Note 8—Page 22.

A Frenchman, some years ago, conceived the thought of transporting the temple of Theseus to France; what infatuation! Yet an idea of this kind was not new. We are told that an Earl of Bristol, in the last century, seriously meditated the removal of the beautiful little temple of the Sybil at Tivoli, in order that he might place it in his own park! He was only restrained from committing the outrage by an absolute prohibition of his Holiness.

O what a dream of horrors has been mine!

Note 9—Page 27.

The following affecting appeal from the Greeks at Constantinople to their brethren in London, was first published in a British newspaper; it presents a succinct account of the devastation of the Island of Scio, and will, by every one, be read with the most intense interest. The destruction

of Scio is one of the most disastrous events of modern times, and is scarcely equalled in atrocity in any age of the world. That lovely island has always been represented to us as the garden of the East—a sort of Paradise: What a frightful reverse!

Constantinople, May 22, 1822.

“Dear and beloved Brethren and Countrymen!—We doubt not, that the news contained herein must have already reached you, and fallen like a thunderbolt on your hearts. What more dreadful than the knowledge that our illustrious and innocent countrymen—ten of them in prison here, and those in the Castle of Scio, ninety-five in all—universally esteemed and respected, chosen and held as hostages for more than a year past, have at last, without a single motive, without even the shadow of a personal accusation against them, been barbarously executed? We at first deeply lamented the unmerited restraint put upon the persons of those now no more; their death, ignominious and cruel, in the first burst of grief nearly paralyzed our faculties. Who can, without shuddering, read of the total ruin, the universal desolation, of our famed and once happy isle (Scio); the destruction of all its inhabitants, nearly one hundred thousand, who, except a very few who almost miraculously escaped from those ill-fated shores, have fallen victims to the sword, to fire, hunger, and slavery—that worst of all evils? Who can, without feelings of indignation, without execrating the perpetrators of these horrid acts, behold a whole city lately so flourishing, now one heap of ruins; whole villages, innumerable country seats, a prey to the flames; our celebrated school, library, hospital for the sick, hundreds of churches richly adorned—all, all one confused mass of smoking rubbish! Our island, lately so much frequented by Europeans, and more especially by English families of the first rank, will now have only her ashes to show the pass-

ing stranger. Nor is this, so dreadful in itself, the most dire of our calamities. The slavery of so many respectable women, young people, and children of both sexes, sent off to different parts of Asia—the markets of this city and Smyrna, filled with women and young people of the first rank; and who have received the best education! What can be more dreadful than this? Happy, thrice happy those, whom the steel of the assassin has snatched from scenes so harrowing to the feelings; how miserable those still suffered to exist, who see the sufferings, hear the cries and piteous accents of their wives, children, and relatives, and are witnesses to the barbarous treatment this devoted and innocent people receive, from the wretches who have them in their power! What can be laid to our charge? We poor Sciots, who from the beginning have remained faithful, are rewarded with death and slavery. It is well known, as soon as the Porte heard of the insurrection in the Morea, and sundry islands of the Archipelago, it sent here a Pacha, having with him about three thousand troops; the whole of the expenses of this garrison was defrayed by our island, which, in the course of about fourteen months, paid more than two million seven hundred thousand piasters, each according to his means. Besides that, the Sultan ordered a choice to be made of sixty of the most considerable and respectable from our countrymen, beginning by our Archbishop Plato, the elder, and other principal inhabitants. When the news of the invasion of the imprudent Samiotes first spread in Scio, the principal inhabitants waited on the Pacha to apprise him of it. What was his answer? To send into the Castle, as hostages, some more of these innocent men, and to transport all the provisions out of the city into the citadel, leaving none whatever for the poor inhabitants of the city, who were so numerous. A month after, when the Samiotes landed, the Pacha sent some of the hostages, with several Turks,

to prevail on the Samiotes to evacuate the island—but they imprudently resolved to advance, and told these ministers of peace, that they would sooner put them to death than do so. The Pacha then shut himself up in the Castle with all the military, taking with him all the hostages. It was understood, that a number of the peasantry had joined the Samiotes; they were in a manner forced to it, being apprehensive of the Samiotes themselves, and they were only armed with sticks and staves. Eleven days after, the Turkish fleet arrived at the island, and landed fifteen thousand soldiers, who, joined by the three thousand in the Castle, being unable to attack and defeat the three thousand Samiotes, used their weapons against the innocent and disarmed inhabitants, and turned their fury against women and children, killing, burning, and taking into slavery, all the inhabitants of the place; the men they slaughtered, the women and children they brutally treated, and huddled together in one of the large squares, which contained several hundred of the most respectable families; they have not left a stone upon a stone—all destroyed, all ruined! It would fill volumes to record the different scenes of horror which the ruffians were guilty of—humanity shudders at it. But this universal desolation had not yet satisfied the blood-thirsty followers of Mahommed; they had heaped upon their trembling and tender victims all the bitterness of their fanaticism: it remained for them to wreak their vengeance upon their illustrious hostages—men who had always followed the paths of rectitude in their commercial transactions—whose relations were established in almost every commercial city in the known world—men, innocent of any machination against the Turkish government, and who could not, even if they would, have been participators in the rising of the island, since they had been fourteen months under the grasp of the Turkish satrap. Ten of these were

at Constantinople, the remainder at Scio. Lord Strangford made strenuous efforts to save them—neglected no remonstrances—evinced the greatest ardor in the cause of suffering innocence, and thought he had succeeded in sheltering them from their impending fate, having obtained a promise from the Porte that no harm should be done them, when it suddenly gave orders for their execution. The ten in Constantinople were beheaded, and the eighty-five in Scio were hung outside of the Castle, in that very square where so many of the slaves were placed, in sight of the Turkish fleet, who had their decks covered with Greek slaves. Oh! how the heart sickens at such refinement of cruelty, and turns with horror from the malice that could take delight in deriding the mental agony of the innocent sufferers in this tragic scene! What a number of wives were forced to be spectators of the cruel death of the husbands of their affections, to see at the same time their suckling babes, torn from their breasts, thus bereft at once of their support and hopes! Many, driven to despair by this barbarous usage, threw themselves into the sea, others stabbed themselves to prevent the loss of honour, to them worse than death, to which they were every moment exposed from the barbarians. But, alas! let us draw a veil over those who have thus sunk untimely into the grave—let us not harrow up your souls with the recital of such atrocities—their sufferings are over, and their felicity, let us hope, begun.

It is now time to turn your sympathy towards the unfortunate survivors of the general wreck—to call, dear countrymen, your attention to the miserable, naked state of thousands of our Sciots, with which the markets here, at Smyrna, and Scio, are glutted. Picture to yourselves children of the tenderest age, till now nursed with the most delicate attention, driven about with only a piece of cloth round their infant limbs, without shoes or any other cover-

ing, having nothing to live upon but a piece of bread thrown to them by their inhuman keepers—ill treated by them—sold from one to the other, and all, in this deplorable situation, exposed to be brought up in the Mahometan religion, and lose sight of the precepts of our holy faith. We see all this ; yet, alas ! what can we do here, reduced to three or four, who, if found out, would also be exterminated without mercy ? What we could do, we have done ; but how little among so many claimants to our charity ! You, brothers, friends, and countrymen, are in the capital of England, the centre of philanthropy ; you live amongst a people always famed for their generous feelings towards the unfortunate, for their dislike to tyranny, and their support of the oppressed. Beg, pray, entreat, appeal to their feelings, call upon them as Britons, as men, as fellow beings : it is in the cause of humanity, of religion ; they cannot, they will not, be deaf to your prayers. They will afford us, as far as lies in their power, the means of redeeming the captive, of aiding those families that are in a state of nudity and starvation, who will soon arrive in almost every port of the Mediterranean, when they have been enabled to fly from a yoke worse than death. We rely upon your endeavours, and still more upon the high character of the nation among whom you inhabit : thousands of hands are raised towards you to claim your interference in behalf of your oppressed countrymen : thousands of hearts will feel grateful for your assistance. Brethren and countrymen, exert yourselves in behalf of humanity.

“With tearful eye we cordially salute you, and beg you will pray to God for our safety.

“YOUR BROTHERS AND COUNTRYMEN.”

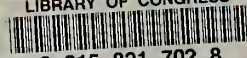
In alluding to the catastrophe of Scio, the Hon. Mr. WEBSTER, in his late eloquent speech on the *Greek question*,

speaks of it as “an indescribable enormity”—an appalling monument of barbarian cruelty”—“a scene,” said he, “I shall not attempt to describe—a scene from which human nature shrinks shuddering away—a scene having hardly a parallel in the history of fallen man!”

I cannot but indulge a hope that the speech of that great advocate will be immediately translated and forwarded to Greece. It will be a consolation to that unhappy people to know that there are some magnanimous spirits among us, who have the boldness to vindicate their cause, and express a sympathy for their sufferings. The close of the speech is emphatic:—

“I think it right too, Sir, not to be unseasonable in the expression of our regard, and, as far as that goes, in a ministration of our consolation, to a long oppressed and now struggling people. I am not of those who would in the hour of utmost peril withhold such encouragement as might be properly and lawfully given, and when the crisis should be past, overwhelm the rescued sufferer with kindness and caresses. The Greeks address the civilized world with a pathos not easy to be resisted. They invoke our favour by more moving considerations than can well belong to the condition of any other people. They stretch out their arms to the Christian communities of the earth, beseeching them, by a generous recollection of their ancestors, by the consideration of their own desolated and ruined cities and villages, by their wives and children, sold into an accursed slavery, by their own blood, which they seem willing to pour out like water, by the common faith, and in the Name, which unites all Christians, that they would extend to them, at least, some token of compassionate regard.”

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